

*The Department of Music*  
*of*  
*The University of Alberta*  
*presents*

A PIECE IN TIME. . . . . by DON STEIN

O Introduction  
I Women  
II Hotel Room  
III Melancholia

*Tuesday, November 25, 1980 at 8:30 p.m.*  
*Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building*

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Actors:

*Catherine Helman*  
*Grant Carmichael*  
*Cheryl Heikel*

Musicians:

*Chris Helman, alto saxophone*  
*Rich Harris, soprano saxophone*  
*Kevin Kvisle, tenor saxophone I*  
*Trevor Hooper, tenor saxophone II*  
*Richard King, electric bass*  
*Murray Vaasjo, electric violin*  
*Heather Walker, piano*  
*Garth Hobden, synthesizer*  
*Ichiro Fujinaga, snare drum*

Choir:

*Art Dyck*  
*Suzanne Dyck*  
*Ernie Harrop*

Narrator:

*Michael McKinlay*

Conductor:

*Elsie Achuff*

Dance:

*Rosemary Speakman*

Texts:

*Tom Levang*  
*Charles Bukowsky*

Titus Pieces:

*Richard Titus*

Lighting Design:

*Robin Ayles*

Lighting Technician:

*Chris Saruk*

Stage Manager:

*John Jowett*

Sound:

*Clive Alcock*

Synthesizer Programming:

*Garth Hobden*  
*Don Stein*

Program Notes:

*Dauida Kidd*

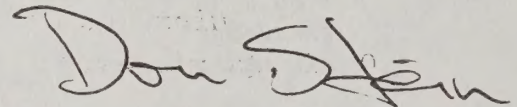
*Political Speech written by Norah Hutchinson.*

Man of the Moon-

man of the moon - made of black leather-  
soft- in a bed of crumpled leaves -  
your skin reflects - ever so dimly -  
the hues of the midnight sky-  
man-cold of the moon-with a laugh as  
deep as the sea-light as the clouds-with  
eyes of diamond-endless-alive-touched by the  
warmth of pain-villain of my heart-near  
capture of my soul-thoughts catch and  
burn-still and timeless-  
powerful mind-man-flooding me-cutting-  
ripping through the disenchantment like  
a glistening razor-throw me into the wind-  
catch me deep into your river-and burn-  
carry me into the night dark spirit and  
never let me go-  
man of the earth-smooth-cool of alabaster-  
charcoal hair unruléd-stormy black eyes of  
ice-we-made for dusk and the early morning sun-  
where are you-and will you ever be-  
a love-scarlet-deep-hot as blood on cold  
steel-cut me open wide-now-run wild-  
bleed me of my insanity and pain-raw as  
the first slap of birth-  
drawing closer and closer to the edge-  
I could fall forever-  
for the moon-  
is just too high to reach.

-Davida Kidd

I would like to express my gratitude to all the  
people who devoted so much of their time in  
helping me to realize this performance. Thank you.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Don Stein". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large, stylized "D" and "S".

November 25, 1980